

The Famous HISTORY of 10
TOM THUMB.

Wherein is declared,
His Marvellous Acts of Manhood.

Full of wonderful Merriment.
performed after his first Return from
F A I R Y L O A N D.

P A R T the S E C O N D.



Printed and Sold in London.

SECOND PART.

.D N AQ F T H E

Life of Tom Thumb



Of Tom's Return from Fairy Land,
falls into the Firmity ; and of the
Misfortunes that attended him.

WHEN good king Arthut he did reige
With all the knights about him,
Tom Thumb he then did entertain,
He could not be without him.
Behold he made pretty sport,
Which pleased passing well ;
And therefore in king's Arthur's court
He was allow'd to dwell.
His parents were of small account,
And yet he was small of growth,
Yet they on fortune's wings did fly,
She did befriend them both,
For many long and pleasant years
He was belov'd by all,

The royal Court both Prince and Peer,
 Felt see his funeral.

The longest time will ended be,
 So was Tom's life at last ;

The mourning court did weep to see
 His breath was but a blast ;

So mounting to the Fairy Queen,
 Her love she did express,

By giving him a robe of green,
 A sweet and comely dress.

In the Elefian shades he reign'd,
 Two hundred years and more,

And by the Queen it was ordain'd
 That he her sceptre bore.

As king of all the Fairy Land
 And so continu'd still,

But that as you may understand,
 It was her gracious will,

To lead him to the lower world,
 In triumph once again.

So with a puff or blatt him hurl'd
 Down with a mighty pain ;

With mighty force it happened he
 Did fall, as some report,

Into a pan of firmity,

In good king Arthur's Court.

The cook that bore it then along,

Was struck with a surprise,

For with the fall the firmity

Flew up into his eyes.

The coak was running on full tilt,

When Tom fell from the ar,
The pan of firmity was split,



O what a fight was there!
The cook was frighted to the heart,
Tom Thumb did sprawl i' g lay;
No one was there to take his part,
Alack, and a-well-aday.
His coat of green was then besmear'd
With firmity all o'er
Likewise another death he fear'd,
His bones were sore all o'er.
He got out of the firmity
As well as he was able,
They dragg'd him immediately
Before king Ar hur's table.
There he in pomp at dinner sat,
With wine and music sweet;
For many noble knights were met
To taste a royal treat.
With clubs, and staves, forks, and prongs,
He guarded was unpitied,
To answer for the mighty wrongs
Which he had there committed.

Now as they entered in the hall,
With Tom, that little Spright,

O how the multitude did bawl,
To shew their hateful spight.

Some said he was a fairy Elf,
Therefore deserv'd to die ;

But Tom secur'd himself,
As you'll find by and-by.

For just as they began to vote

What death he should endure,

He jumped down a Miller's throat,

And there he lay secure.

Not one of all the multitude

Perceiv'd the way he went,

Thus tho' his death they then pursu'd,

Tom did the same prevent,

They look'd about, but cou'd not find

Tom Thumb in any place ;

Wherefore like men perp'lex'd in mind,

Each suffer'd sad disgrace.

Tom torments the Miller while he lays in his
Paunch : and of other wonderful Things
that happened.

THEN did the multitude depart,
Like dogs that burnt their tails,
Each being vexed to the heart,
O how they gnaw'd their nails,
To think they had their prisoner lost,
In presence of their king ;
Never was man so strangely crest,
It was a grievous thing.
The Miller too above the rest,
He scower'd like a ferrit,
Still crying out he was posselt
With some familiar spirit
Tom often pinch'd him by the tripes,
And made the Miller roar,
Alas ! alas ! then thousand stripes
Could not have vex'd him more.
Ah ! woe is me, the Miller cry'd,
Alack and-well-a-day !
Some spiteful imp does in me hide,
Which does the antic play.
For help he to the Doctor sought,
Being distracted nigh,
Alas ! the Miller little thought
Tom Thumb was in his belly.

When he before the Doctor came,
 And told him every thing
 Which he had suffer'd, Tom by name
 Did whistle, dance, and sing.
 The Doctor he was thunder-struck,
 To think what he should be;
 I fear, said he, some evil luck,
 Sure Satan speaks in thee.
 You lie, quoth Tom, and then he sung
 A short but pleasant song,
 Your Latin and your lying tongue
 Do many people wrong.
 I was a courtier, 'tis well known,
 Two hundred years ago,
 When good king Arthur had the throne,
 That thousands then did know.
 And am I call'd a Devil now,
 Who ne'er did harm know,
 I solemnly protest and vow,
 I'll be reveng'd on you.
 The Doctor then affrighted was,
 Worse than he was before,
 And sent for twenty learned men,
 The Miller to restore.
 And being come into the hall,
 Strait to his great surprise,
 Tom for a cup of sack did call,
 The music too likewise.
 The Miller being fast asleep,
 And sitting in his chair,
 The people strait began to weep,

When they his voice did hear,
 With much ado he roused then,
 So on his feet he stood,
 For they were understanding Men,
 That came to do him good.
 By turn they strait examine him,
 How he his life did square;
 For they were certain that a limb
 Of Lucifer is there.
 Says one, I am persuaded you
 Have often play'd the thief,
 In taking more than was your due,
 Which causes all your grief.
 So when the Miller did confess
 What he had said was true,
 Yet all my friends, nevertheless,
 My father did so too;
 And eke my grandfire, who in Mould
 Is sleeping now full low;
 For he this very Mill did hold
 One hundred years ago:
 If they did so, why may not I
 One bushel take of two?
 Tom Thumb cry'd out immediately,
 A hopeful thievish crew.
 Ye must leave off, they all did cry,
 Steal not for time to come.
 A voice immediately reply'd,
 Why don't you know Tom Thumb?
 So said, they all began to run,
 In a distracted state,

And left the Miller all alone,
 Who in a little space,
 Ran to a mighty river's side,
 To ease his body there,
 And turn'd Tom Thumb into the ride,
 Who swam I know not where,
 But as the ancient writers say,
 Near to the northern pole,
 Where many a lusty salmon lay,
 One swallow'd him up whole.

Being swallowed by a Salmon is caught by a
 Fisherman ; and of the Sport he made in
 the Fishe's Belly.

A Fisherman came out of Rye,
 With nets and other geer ;
 The sea was rough, the winds were high,
 Yet he his course did steer,
 Midst foaming billows that did roar,
 Until he come at last,
 Where he had fish'd not long before,
 And there his net he cast,
 Then drew it up with great success,
 At which the fisher laugh'd,
 Having, as near as he could guess,
 A dozen at a Draught.
 Unto his net so fast did through,

That much did him surprise,
For some of them were large and long;
Some of a smaller size.

At length, as I truth may tell.

He with that Salmon met
Which had gotten poor Tom Thumb,
And almost broke his net.

Says he, I never in my life
Had such a do before;

I'll home to honest Joan my wife,
And let her know my store.

So having stow'd him in his boat,
He home began to steer,

And sung a tweet and pleasant note.

For this his happy cheer.

So near the pleasant town of Rye,

His freighted town of Rye,

His Joan she came immediately,

And laugh'd to see the load.

His fish up to the market place,

They brought in state and pride ;

But, O ! the Salmon was the best

Of all the fish beside.

The people flocked far and near

To buy some fish of him ;

Because he had, as did appear,

'As good as e'er did swim.

Amongst the rest the Steward came,

Who would the Salmon buy,

'And other fish that he did name,

But he would not comply.

The Steward said, You are so stout,



If so, I'll not buy any.
 So then bespoke Tom Thumb aloud
 Sir, give the other penny.
 At this they began to stare,
 To hear this sudden joke,
 Nay, some were frighted to the heart,
 And thought the dead fish spoke.
 It was a strange and sudden touch,
 So the fisherman and they,
 Who heard him speak wonder'd much,
 And had no more to say,
 As they were standing in a maze,
 At what they then had heard;
 Tom again his voice did raise,
 And spoke with great regard
 Say, The like in all the land
 Before was never seen;
 Present this Salmon out of hand
 Unto the king and queen.
 So the Steward made no more ado,
 But bid a penny more;
 Because, he said, he never heard
 A fish to speak before.

So the Steward's maſter, by report,
 Was made a noble Lord ;
 He ſent the Salmon to the court,
 In hopes of great reward.
 Having a worthy preſent ſent
 To make his Lord amends,
 The king returns a compliment,
 And ſo the chapter ends.
 Which fairly leads us to the next,
 The compliment was poor ;
 The noble Lord was ſorely vex'd
 To find he had no more.



The King's Cook sticks a Fork in Tom's
Breech, and carries him to the King; and
of his happy Deliverance.

TWO noble knights a wager laid,
Concerning I know not what;
Some say they at fencing play'd,
But some assure us not.
Some say it was game at bowls,
One Morning in the forest;
Tho' both of them were honest Men,
The game was won and lost,
The court was full of wagers then,
Some laid a hundred pound,
Dukes, Lords, and worthy Gentlemen,
Much sport and pastime found.
The king it seems among the rest,
A noble Dinner lost;
The Salmon then was to be drest,
Which so much money cost.
The cook was then to dress the same,
And then by chance he saw
A little Man, Tom Thumb by name,
Within the Salmon's maw.
He stared strait, and said, alas!
How came this fellow here?
Strange things I find are brought to pass,

He shall not now get clear,
 Because he vow'd to go through scotch,
 And him to Justice bring,
 He call'd a guard, right manful y,
 And bore him to the king.



Who being then at council board,
 About some state affairs,
 He could not very well afford
 To lay aside his cares,
 For such a slender cause as this,
 Wherefore, as many say,
 The busy cook he did dismiss
 Until another day.
 The cook, it seems, did bear in mind
 His old supposed wrong,
 Therefore Tom Thumb must be confin'd
 Close in a prison strong.
 But ne'er a prison was secure,
 When others were asleep,
 This little Tom they might be sure,
 He'd turn the key - ole creep.

Therefore they bound him hand and foot,

So cruel was his fate ;

And in a mouse-trap he was put,

To peep between the grate.

Alas ! he made lamentable Man,

Oft he would sigh and say,

Because that he was all alone,

Alack. and a-well-a-day..

He labour'd but could not get loose,

By all that he could do,

The Mouse-trap wires were so close,

Poor Tom could not get thro'.

When he had lain a week or more,

Bathing in melsing tears,

Under a guard he came before

The king and all his peers.

Poor Tom was in a piteous trim,

And seem'd to blush for shame.

The Lords and Knights requir'd him

To tell from whence he came.

Now it may please your Majesty,

Our prisoner reply'd,

I will rehearse my pedigree,

Nothing shall be deny'd.

And thereupon he did report

The Manner of his birth,

And how in good king Arthur's court

He lived till his death.

Tom Thumb they call'd me in those days,

As you shall understand ;

Lords, Dukes, and Earls did me praise,

And Princes of the land.

They gave him a smiling look,
 And pardon'd him also,
 Declaring they had read his book
 Many long years ago
 Tom Thumb the king did entertain,
 That he new sport might make,
 And therefore knighted him again,
 For good king Arthur's sake.
 Thus Tom in love and favour grew,
 Having all these things told,
 The king believing it was true,
 Gave him a ring of gold.

Tom rides a Hunting with the King on a
Moufe; a Farmer's Cat takes her in her
Mouth, and runs to the Top of a Tree
with him.



TOM's troubles being at an end,

Now without more ado,

Our king did for a taylor send,

For to cloath him a new.

All enemies are vanquish'd quite,

That look'd so fierce and grim;

Now he appear'd a worthy knight,

They were in love with him

The Manner of this worthy Dress,

In brief I will relate,

And then I think you needs must guess,

How this little man was great.

His shirt was cut out of the wings

Of a fair butterfly,

His breeches, coat, and other things
All pleasing to the eye.

Upon his legs likewise he had
Boots made of Chicken leather,
Like any jolly noble lad,
He wore his cap and feather.

A taylor's needle was his sword,
His head-piece was a thimble;
And when he fought, upon my word,
He made the giants tremble.

Now he was accoutr'd thus,
His Majesty reply'd,
Tom, will you take a course with us?

We shall a hunting ride,
Together with the greatest part
Of Nobles of our Court.

Yes, yes, quoth Tom, with all my heart,
I ever lov'd such sport.

The King with many Noblemen,
Did gloriously appear,

For having but his courtiers then
To chace the nimble deer.

But poor Tom was at a loss,
His limbs they were so small,

For he was loath to ride a horse,
For fear that he should fall.

A little Mouse they did provide,
And set him on the same;

○ then he did in safety ride.

As he pursu'd the game.

king and his nobility,

As they did ride with speed,

They cou'd not chuse but laugh to see
Tom's litt'e prancing steed.

They rode like nobles of renown,

Thro' many a park and pain,
And just before the sun set down,
Each homewards turn'd again.

But coming near a farmer's house,
Close by a forest side.

A Cat jump't out and caught the Mouse
Where on Tom Thumb did ride.

She took him up between her Jaws,
And scower'd up a tree,

And as she scratch'd him with her claws.

He cry'd out, Woe is me !

He laid his hand upon hi sword,

And run her thro' and thro'

And he for fear of falling roar'd,

Puss likewise cry'd out Mew.

It was a sad and bloody fight

Between the Cat and he,

Puss valu'd not this worthy knight,

But scratch'd him bitterly.

The king and all his noble peers,

Were overcome with grief ;

They heard his cries, and saw his tears,

But could not yield relief.

But at length she let him drop,

And they by mere good hap,

As he did tumble from th atop,

Did catch him in his cap.

His coat was tatter'd like a rag,

And he look'd like a Moan,
 They put him in a hawking bag,
 And to they brought him home.
 But puss had claw'd and scratch'd him so,
 Making his veins to bleed,
 That he could neither stand nor go,
 But took his bed with speed ;
 Where many dying groans he sent
 Up to the Fairy Queen,
 Alas ! his tears of discontent
 By her were fairly seen.
 She griev'd to see how he lay,
 And sent a glorious train
 Of little fairies to convey
 Him to her court again.



The Fairy Queen, finding his troubles,
sends for him to Court, where he now
remains.



BOTH far and near tidings flew,
Of Tom' unhappy fate,
And learned Doctors came to view
His present dying state.

Not one of them could do him good,
 Or keep him safe from death.
 For by their skill they understood
~~He~~ He for want of breath.
 With a box of Ivory,
 The King and nobles wept to see
 His life was almost fled.
 Young virgins watch'd to keep him warm,
 For six or seven nights,
 At length appear'd a mighty swarm,
 Of pretty fairy sprites ;
 With mourning garlands on their heads,
 His bed encompass'd round,
 And folding down the coverlid,
 Sir Thomas Thumb there they found :
 How he was bruise'd in every limb,
 Which wrought his life's decay ;
 And having all saluted him,
 Without the least delay,
 They put him in a winding sheet,
 More white than lillies fair,
 These fairies all with music sweet
 Did mount the lofty air.
 And soon they vanished out of sight,
 Up to the Fairy Queen,
 And from this time the worthy Knight,
 Was never after seen.

The

The virgins posted to the king,
 With tears of discontent,
 And having told him every thing,
 The court in mourning went.
 And to his memory they built
 A monument of gold,
 Upon King E 'g r's dagger hilt,
 Most glorious to behold.



If worthy deeds recorded are,
 That ages yet to come,
 May to their children young dedl re,
 The deeds of brave Tom Thumb.
 And pass away each winter's night,
 Close by a good fire's side,
 With tales of mirth and much delight,
 At every Christmas tide.
 Altho' a second time he fled
 Unto the gloomy shade;
 Yet after that his life wa fled,
 He many a frolick play'd,

Among the nobles of the court,
Though in another age,
Affording them delightful Sport,
And was king Thunston's Page.
As you may read in Part the third,
Fancy to gratify;
For, loving friends, upon my word,
Altho' he seem'd to die,
Death's fatal arrows prov'd in vain,
As you shall understand,
For he was hurried back again,
Down from the Fairy Land.

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The End of the Second Part.

